

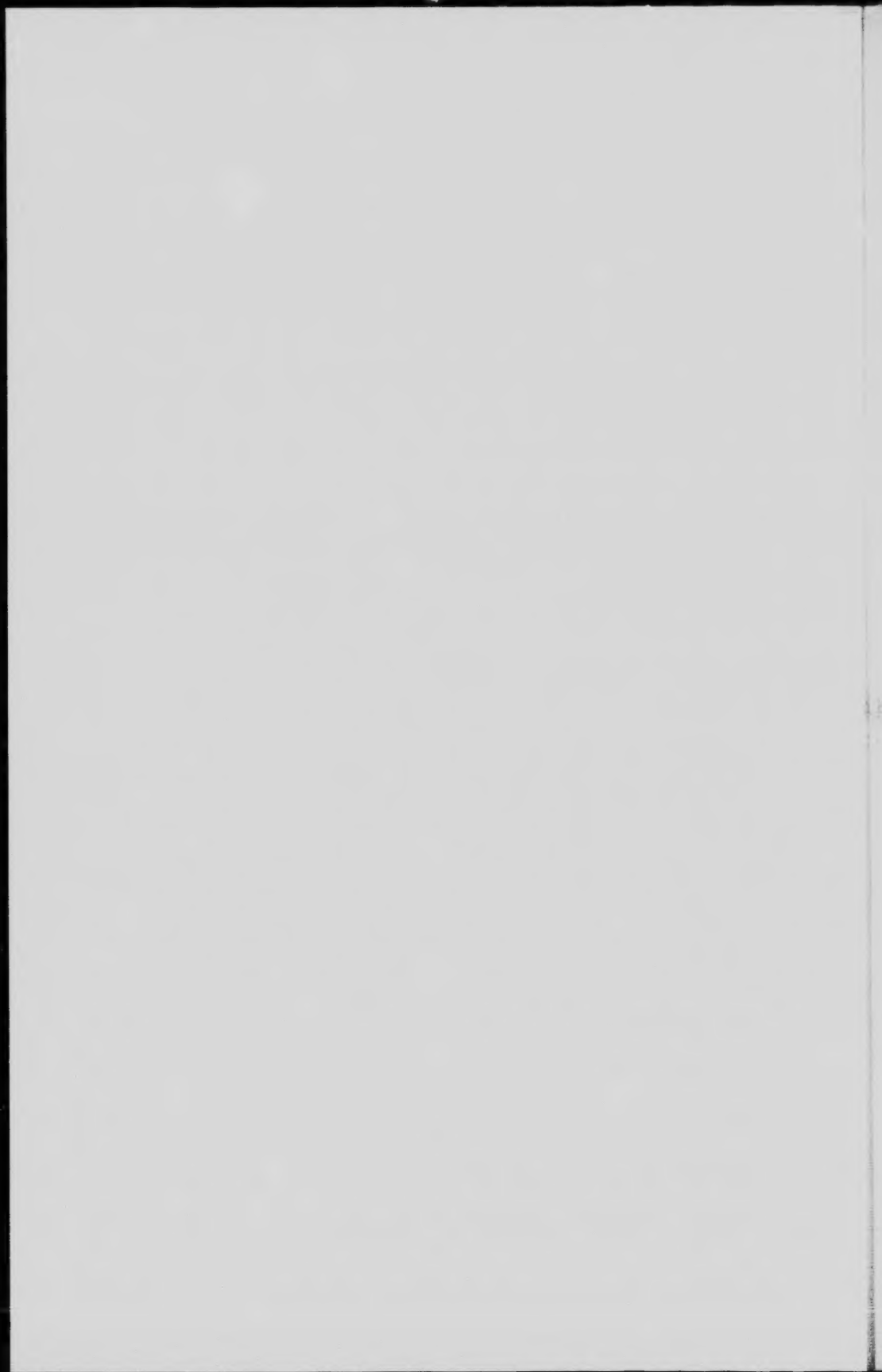
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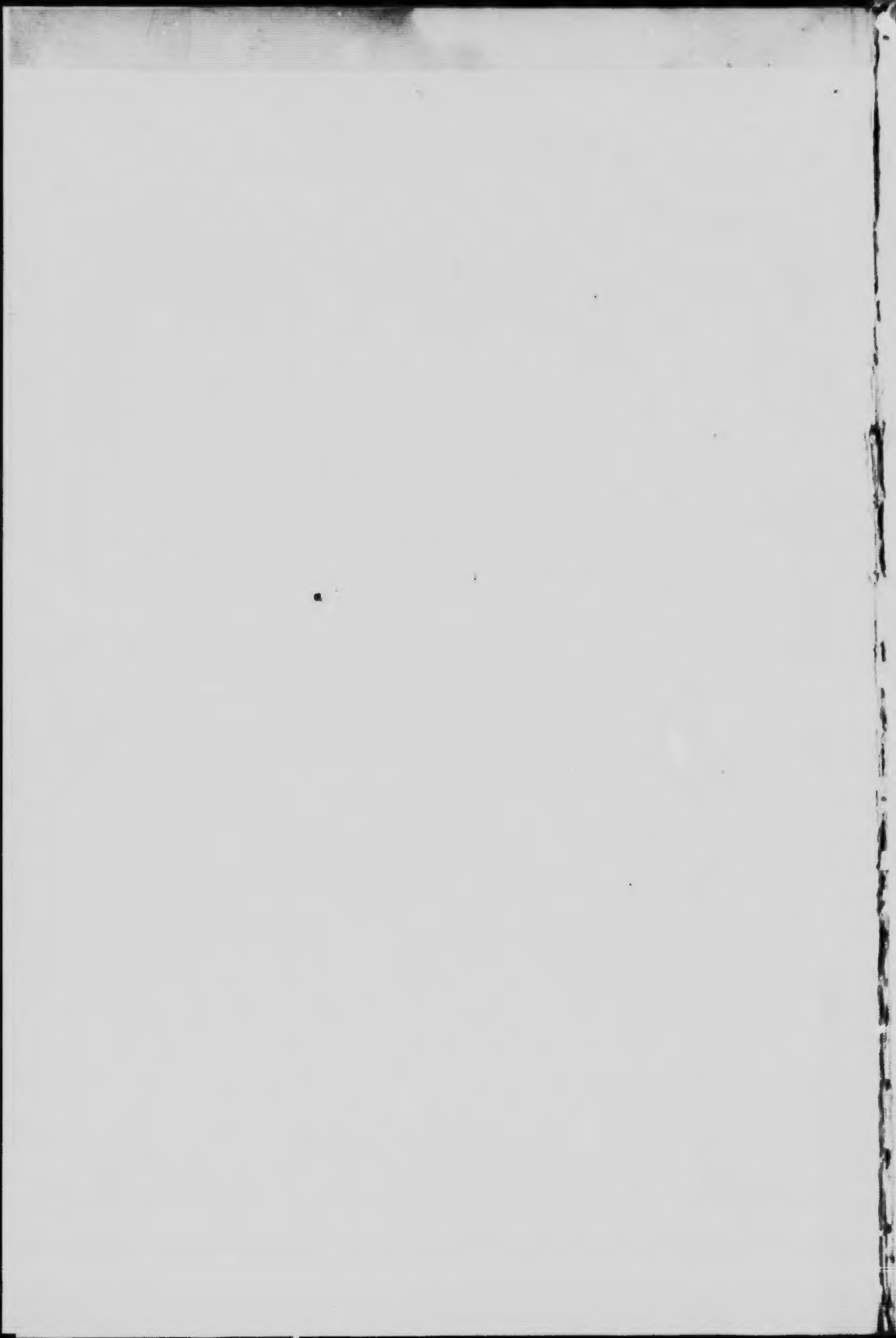
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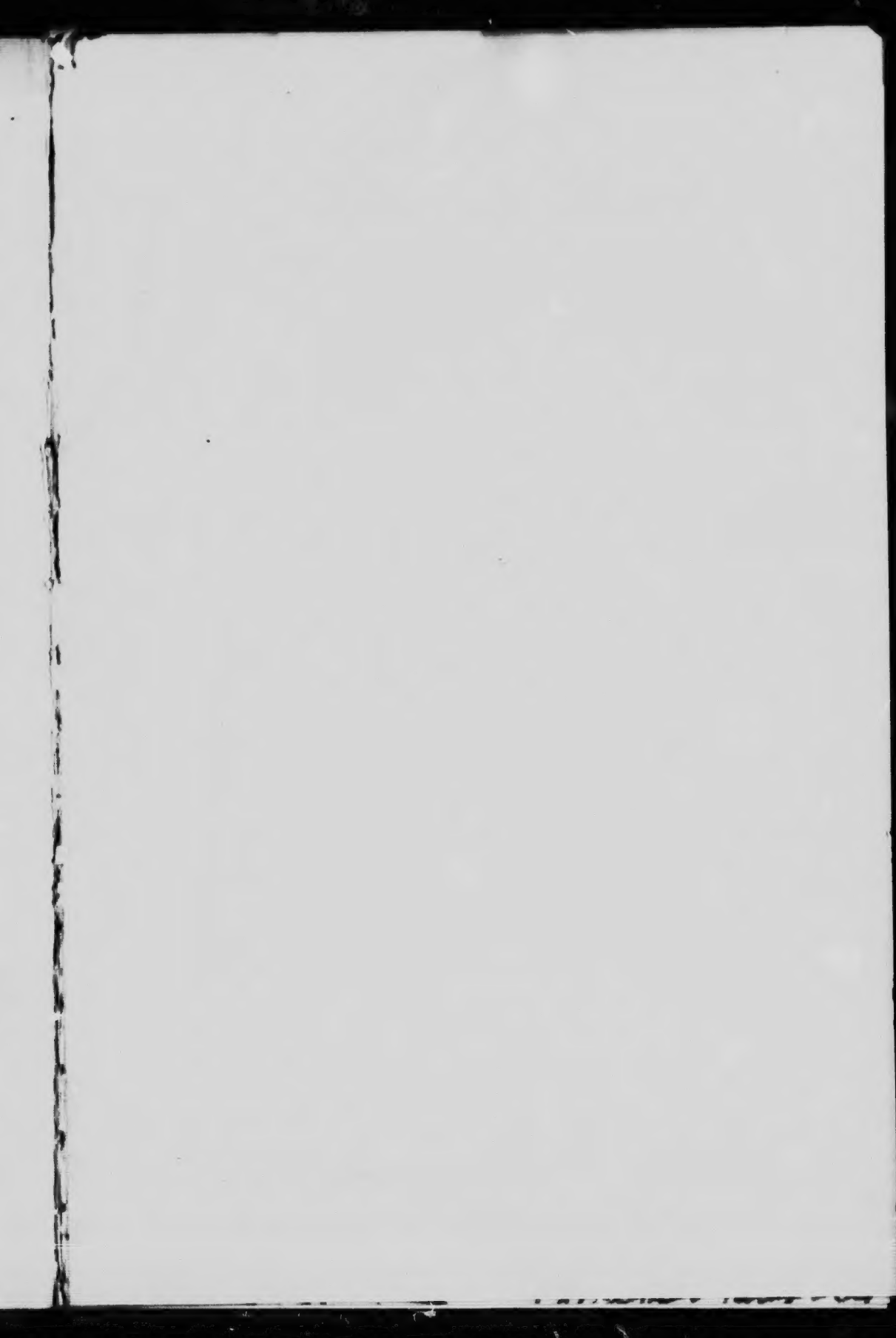




ATLANTEAN LYRICS

Wilfred Campbell





PS8455

A53 A46

Lines

on a re-reading of parts of the Old Testament.

(dedicated to Rt. Revd. W. Boyd-Carpenter)

Sublimity! Sublimity!, I lay thee down;
 Great Volume of the ages! older far
 Than Cheops' Pyramid or the Parthenon;
 And yet as new as yester-even's star,

That came and burned so bright and pure, across
 The world's great weariness and day's decline.
 What are all earth's ambitions, gain and loss,
 Her hopes ephemeral; when thou art mine?

Thou stand'st, a crystal well of water pure,
 Amid those fevered founts of heathen wine,
 Graven in truth's deep rock that shall endure,
 So greatly human, yet so all divine!

This age doth press upon me like a vast,
 Grim adamant wall of evil doom;
 But when I drink thy living draught, I cast
 Aside this vesture of material gloom;

These curtains of mortality fall apart;
 And out, and up, beyond, eternally,
 Those stairways of God's ages; and man's part
 In all that greatness, gone, and yet to be!

The Daughter of Earth

Her cheeks have all the Tyrian dye,
Like Spring when all her winds are south;
All mystery dwells in her eyes,
And all love's witcheries round her mouth:

Which is a wondrous Cupid's bow,
Full sweet and ripe; maturity
Of scarlet honey hilled in snow,
Whereon a god might cling and die.

Her hair, it is of sunlight spun,
And beechen copper round her brow:
Her face! Who can express it? One
Needs all the skill love can endow,

To picture all its perfect curves,
And marbled paler, rose of dawn,
Where mischief lures, or pride reserves
The beauty of the startled fawn.

Her eyes, a universe alone,
Like opals flamed with velvet fire;
Where all unconscious on his throne,
A god unwaked, sleeps young Desire.

And when I gaze upon her, I
All other sense of life forget,
All fear and hate, all memory,
All sense of pain and old regret;

All save that hour, immortal woe!
Down the long centuries that blur,
Beside Atlantis' slopes of snow,
When I, a young god, gazed on her;

And knew her first, that woeful dream
Of fear, joy, beauty, lure and mirth;
Compounded rich of bole and gleam
Exquisite essence of all earth;—

The while Atlantis' peak reared high,
And all great Ocean's stream ran round;
And Heaven and Earth death's ecstasy,
And immortality had found.

Wishing you & Mrs. Lady &
the boy, a very happy New Year
from your friend
Edith Langille